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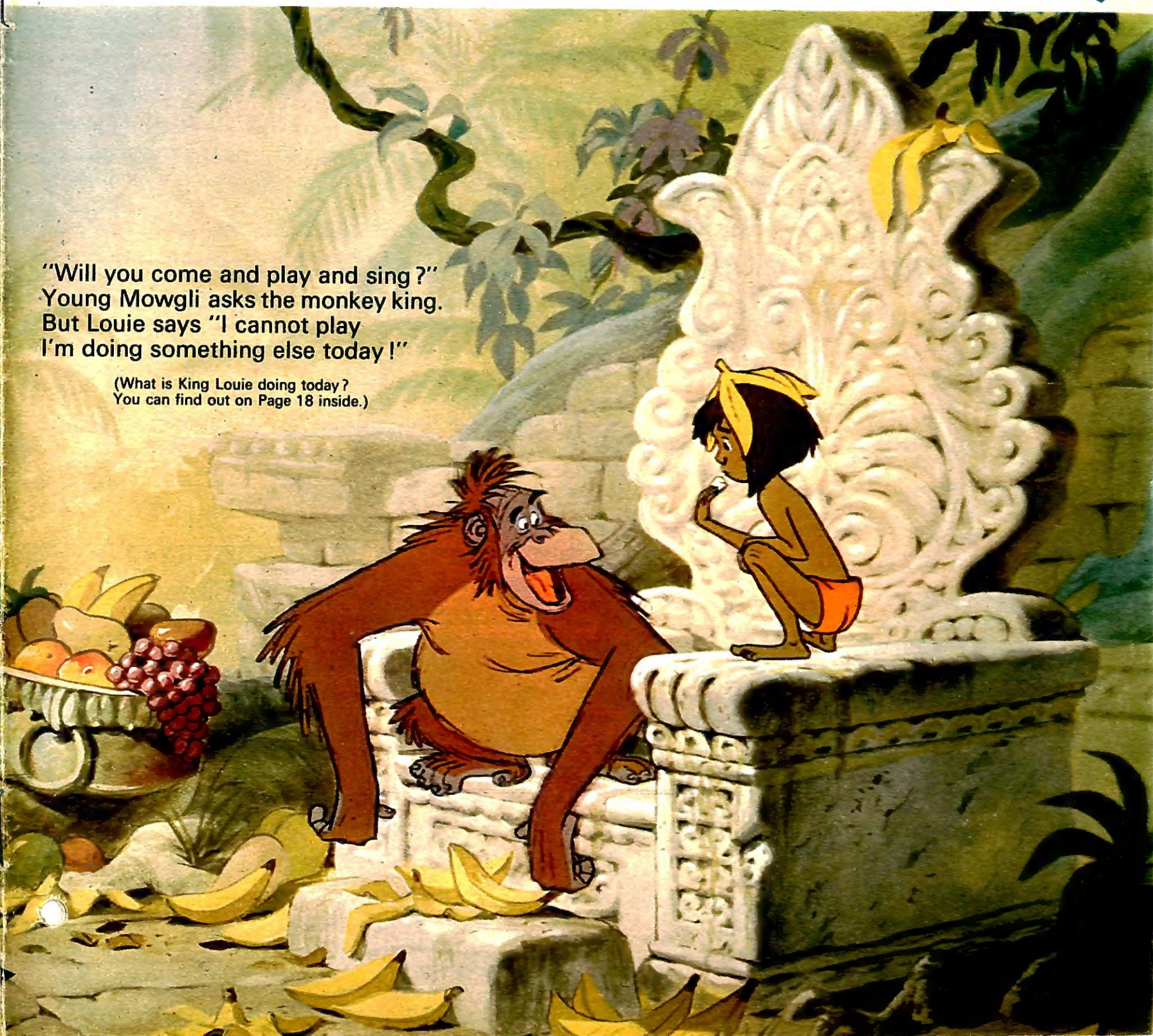
No. 9

EVERY WEDNESDAY 12 p

the WONDERFUL WORLD of DISNEY

"Will you come and play and sing?"
Young Mowgli asks the monkey king.
But Louie says "I cannot play
I'm doing something else today!"

(What is King Louie doing today?
You can find out on Page 18 inside.)



Way down yonder in **BRIAR PATCH**



1. Once upon a time there was a little boy who liked listening to stories about Brer Rabbit and all the folk who lived way down yonder in Briar Patch. Once a week he would run down to the cottage of old Uncle Remus, who knew all the Brer Rabbit stories, and Uncle Remus would tell him another jolly tale. Now let us listen as Uncle Remus tells the little boy the story of Brer Rabbit and Brer Lion. The little boy opened his eyes wide when Uncle Remus mentioned Brer Lion. "Brer Lion?" he said curiously.

"But there are no lions in these parts, Uncle Remus." The old man lit his pipe, then grinned at the little boy. "But Briar Patch ain't these here parts, boy," he replied. "Briar Patch is in other parts." "I see," said the little boy. Uncle Remus chuckled. "Well, now let's get on with the story," said he. "It seems like one day Brer Bear and Brer Fox were hot on the heels of Brer Rabbit." "That's a good start to the story," said the little boy.



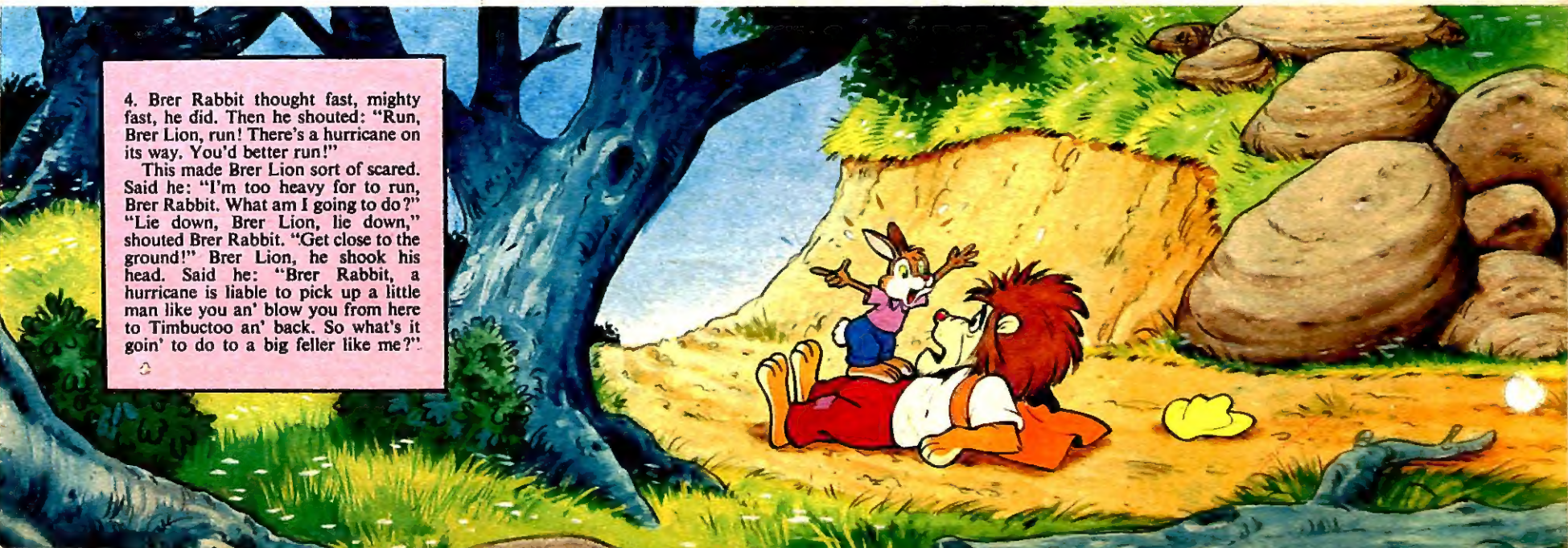
2. Sure is, boy, *went on Uncle Remus*, it sure is. You see, Brer Rabbit had been playing more of his trixy tricks on Brer Bear and Brer Fox and they sure were mad at him. "Stop so's I can give you a right good hiding!" shouted Brer Fox. But Brer Rabbit was having none of that. No, sirree! He just put his feet down and picked 'em up again faster'n ever.



3. Brer Rabbit, he ran and he ran and he ran, he did, and real soon he'd left Brer Bear and Brer Fox way behind. But he knew they weren't going to give up the chase just as easy as that. That's why he felt a mite put out when, as he was goin' along full tilt, he ran into Brer Lion. "Heyo, Brer Rabbit," said Brer Lion as soon as he'd picked all the dust out of his teeth. "What's your hurry, then?"

4. Brer Rabbit thought fast, mighty fast, he did. Then he shouted: "Run, Brer Lion, run! There's a hurricane on its way. You'd better run!"

This made Brer Lion sort of scared. Said he: "I'm too heavy for to run, Brer Rabbit. What am I going to do?" "Lie down, Brer Lion, lie down," shouted Brer Rabbit. "Get close to the ground!" Brer Lion, he shook his head. Said he: "Brer Rabbit, a hurricane is liable to pick up a little man like you an' blow you from here to Timbuctoo an' back. So what's it goin' to do to a big feller like me?"





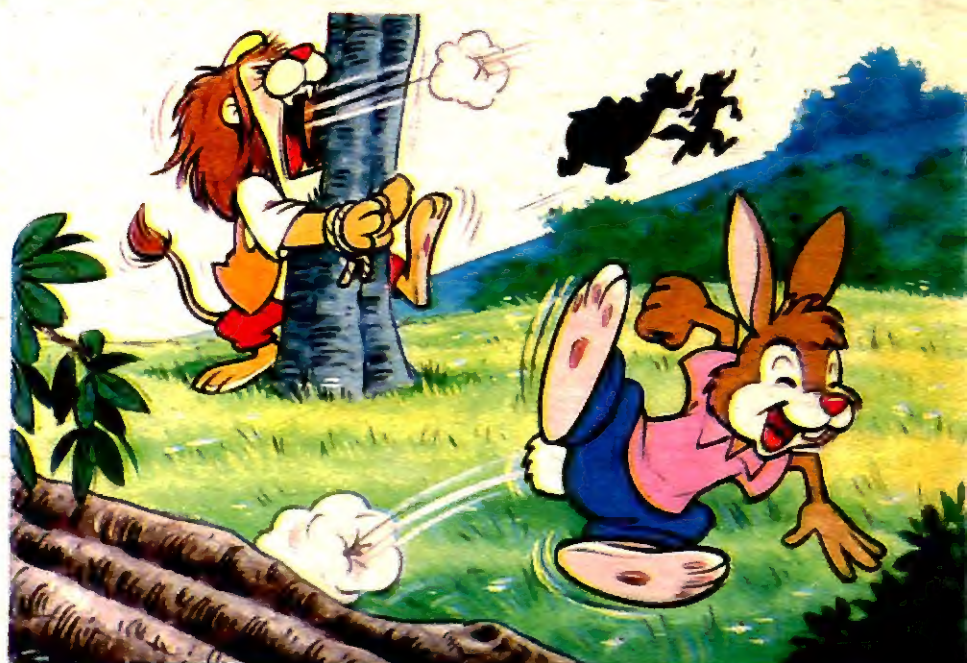
5. "Hug a tree, Brer Lion, hug a tree!" he shouted. Brer Lion lashed himself with his tail, he felt so despairful. "But what will I do if the wind blows all day and all night, Brer Rabbit?" he asked. "Let me tie you to the tree, Brer Lion! Let me tie you to the tree!" shouted Brer Rabbit. Brer Lion said "All right" and Brer Rabbit took a piece of rope out of his pocket and if you want to know why Brer Rabbit was carrying a piece of rope, boy, let me tell you that tricky folk like Brer Rabbit always carry a piece of rope with 'em. Well, Brer Rabbit tied Brer Lion fast to a tree.

6. Then Brer Rabbit sat down, he did, and he twisted and twirled his whiskers, he did. He took it real easy while Brer Lion stood against that old tree. By-and-by Brer Lion, he got tired of standing and hugging that tree and he asked Brer Rabbit the reason why he wasn't still running. Brer Rabbit, he up and said that he was aiming to stay there and take care of Brer Lion. Then Brer Lion said he didn't hear no hurricane. Brer Rabbit said he didn't either. Brer Lion said he couldn't hear no wind blowing. Brer Rabbit said he couldn't either. Brer Lion said he ain't so much as hearing a leaf a-stirring. Brer Rabbit said he ain't either. Brer Lion sort of sat there and thought and Brer Rabbit sort of sat there and twisted and twirled his whiskers.



7. Then Brer Lion asked Brer Rabbit very politely, 'cause lions can be polite when they want to be: "Then please unloose me, Brer Rabbit." Brer Rabbit said he didn't like the idea of a big lion running round loose. Then Brer Lion got mighty mad and started bellowing at the top of his voice. And as he was bellowing, up came Brer Fox and Brer Bear.

8. When he saw Brer Bear and Brer Fox, Brer Rabbit jumped to his feet, he did, and began to talk biggety and strut around. "Well, well, good afternoon, Brer Bear. Good afternoon, Brer Fox," he says, says he. "Reckon you know what a fearsome big creature old man Lion is, don't you?" Brer Bear and Brer Fox looked at Brer Lion who was bellowing and struggling fit to bust and showing those mighty big teeth of his and they answered: "We surely do, Brer Rabbit, we surely do!"



9. "Well," went on Brer Rabbit, "anybody else who tries to lay his hands on me, sure knows what he can expect!" Brer Bear, he looked at Brer Fox and Brer Fox, he looked at Brer Bear. Then they up and walked round Brer Rabbit and Brer Bear said to Brer Fox: "It's tea-time, Brer Fox." And Brer Fox said: "It surely is, Brer Bear." And they both walked off. It was a long time before they took to pestering Brer Rabbit again. And Brer Rabbit? Well, he scooted home 'cause he didn't want to be around when Brer Lion got loose, did he?

The **TAILOR** *who wanted to be a* **PRINCE**

1. Last week you learned how Abu Ben Cassim, a clever tailor, left home to see if in some way he could be a prince—for that was what he had always wanted to be. His chance came when he met up with Omar, a young man of his own age. Omar was a prince who had been brought up at the court of his uncle the Sultan of Jerusalem. Now Omar was riding to meet his father for the first time for twenty-one years. Realising that Omar's father would not recognise his son, Abu took Omar's place and rode to the fountain where the meeting was to take place.

There he met a man in rich clothes who had come, guarded by armed soldiers.

The man, who was Omar's father, embraced Abu fondly. "My son, my son," he whispered, and there were tears of happiness in his eyes. "I am your father, the King of Tabriz."



2. "Father!" exclaimed Abu, feeling rather ashamed if the truth be known. Then he turned away and as he did so, his heart gave a sudden leap for there across the plain he saw a horseman furiously riding an old tired horse and shouting at the top of his voice. Only too soon he recognised his own horse and knew that the rider must be the real Prince Omar. As Omar drew nearer, Abu was thinking fast.



3. As he drew near to the group of waiting men, Omar threw himself from his staggering horse and running forward, shouted: "Stop! You are being tricked by that rascal! I am Omar! That is my name—let no-one try to rob me of it!"

These words startled all those present—excepting, of course, Abu Ben Cassim. Calmly, he spoke as the King with a troubled face looked from one face to another. "Most gracious lord and father," said Abu, "do not be deceived by this man. He is a stupid tailor from Bagdad. His real name is Abu Ben Cassim and I don't think he is quite right in the head. He really deserves more pity than anger."

4. Omar in sudden rage flung himself towards the tailor but the King's soldiers surrounded him and held him fast.

Then the King smiled at Abu and said: "Clearly my son, you are speaking the truth for did you not bring with you the sword of my brother the Sultan of Jerusalem to prove that you are my son? So let this poor mad fellow be bound hand and foot and placed on a dromedary. We will take him along with us. Perhaps we may be able to help him."

Omar fought hard, but at last, his hands tied, he was swung up on to the hump of a dromedary.

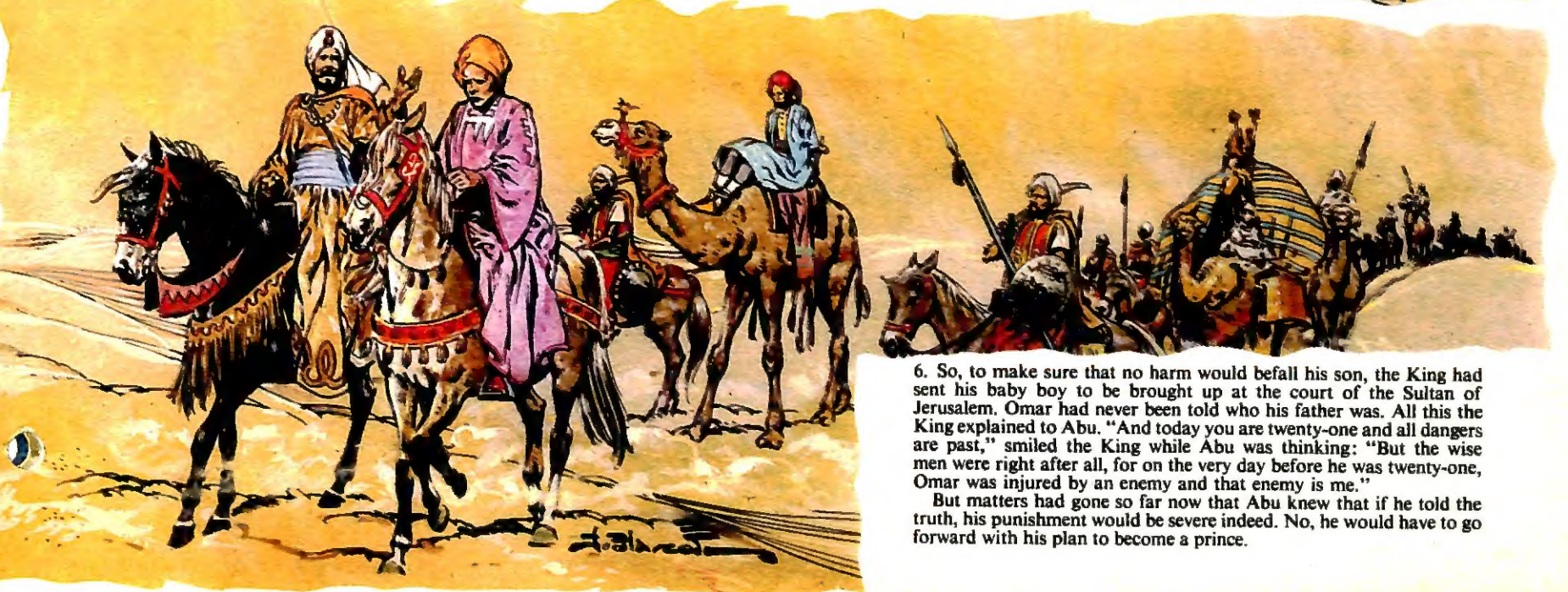


5. Bound and helpless as he was, poor Omar could only plead with his father and tears streamed down his cheeks.

But the King only shook his head. "Poor man," he sighed. "What nonsense he talks."

Then he led Abu away to where two splendid horses were waiting. They both mounted and when all the tents had been taken down and folded, they rode away.

Behind them the unlucky Prince Omar was led along on the camel with an armed soldier on either side. The King of Tabriz had for many years been childless but at long last the son he had wished for was born. But the wise men and magicians at his court all warned him that until he was twenty-one years of age, an enemy would do him an injury.



6. So, to make sure that no harm would befall his son, the King had sent his baby boy to be brought up at the court of the Sultan of Jerusalem. Omar had never been told who his father was. All this the King explained to Abu. "And today you are twenty-one and all dangers are past," smiled the King while Abu was thinking: "But the wise men were right after all, for on the very day before he was twenty-one, Omar was injured by an enemy and that enemy is me."

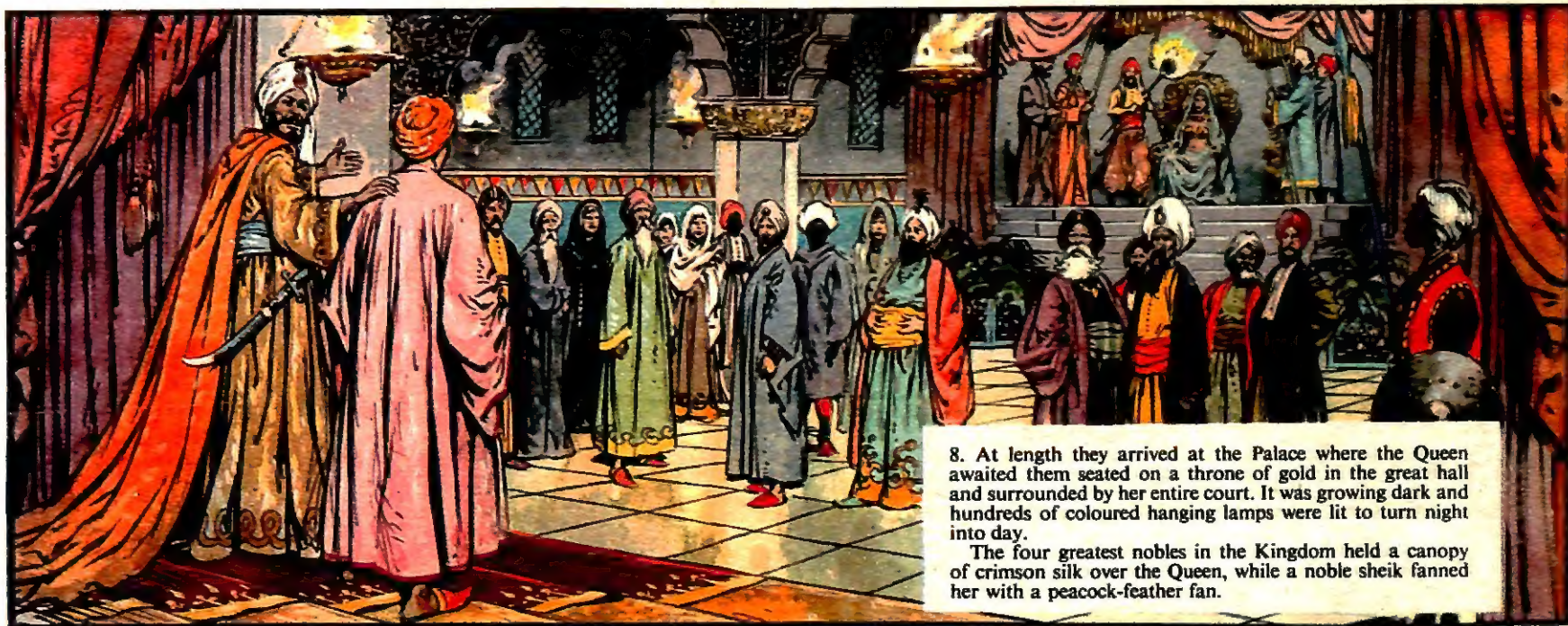
But matters had gone so far now that Abu knew that if he told the truth, his punishment would be severe indeed. No, he would have to go forward with his plan to become a prince.



7. When they reached the city of Tabriz, they were received with great joy everywhere for the news of their prince's safe return had spread like wildfire. People poured into the streets cheering the King and his son as they rode along.

Abu began to feel happier. "At last I am a prince," he thought, "and I am being treated as I always believed I should be treated."

He sat upright in the saddle and held his head high, nodding every now and then in true royal fashion.



8. At length they arrived at the Palace where the Queen awaited them seated on a throne of gold in the great hall and surrounded by her entire court. It was growing dark and hundreds of coloured hanging lamps were lit to turn night into day.

The four greatest nobles in the Kingdom held a canopy of crimson silk over the Queen, while a noble sheik fanned her with a peacock-feather fan.

9. The Queen, like the King, had not seen Omar since he was a tiny baby but so many dreams had shown her what he would look like that she felt she would know him among a thousand. Now the long-looked-for moment had arrived.

The King approached the throne, leading his pretended son by the hand.

"Here," said he, smiling happily at his wife, "is the son for whom we have been longing for so many years. Take him to your heart."



10. But the Queen rose to her feet and scornfully she pointed to Abu. "That is *not* my son!" said she. "That is not the face that I have seen in my dreams."

11. Just as the King was about to reason with her, Prince Omar rushed into the great hall, his hands still tied behind his back. He had managed to escape the soldiers guarding him but they were now hot on his heels.



12. Omar threw himself down before the King and Queen. "Father! Mother! Do you not then recognise your own true son?" he cried. "I am Omar! Believe me, I am Omar! That man is a rascally tailor of Bagdad!" The guards were about to drag him away, when the Queen exclaimed, "Hold! This and no other is my son. This is the one that my eyes have not seen since first he was born. This is the one that my heart tells me is my son!"



13. But the King said angrily: "Nonsense! The true facts speak for themselves. This one"—and he pointed to Abu—"is my son for he it was who brought me my brother's sword." "He stole it from me while I was sleeping," cried Omar. "I thought he was my friend, but he betrayed me." But the King would not listen to Omar.



14. The true prince was dragged from the hall and cast into prison. The King then led Abu away to his own private room. But the Queen was still sure that Abu was not the real prince and had indeed taken the place of her son. After much thought, she formed a plan and next morning she went to see the King. Very gently she asked if she might be allowed to put a test to the young men so that she could be sure who was the true prince. The King smiled. "Why not?" said he. "Why not—if only to prove how wrong you are."



15. "No doubt others would make them ride or shoot," replied the Queen. "But everyone learns these things. I wish to set them a task which requires sharp wits and clever hands and I want them to try which of them can best make a silken gown for me." At this the King roared with laughter. "Only a woman could think up such an idea!" he said.



16. But the King had given his word. He went to Abu and told him that his mother would like him to make a silken gown for her. Abu laughed to himself. "If that is all she wants," thought he, "she will soon be pleased to own me as her son, because I shall make her the most beautiful gown she has ever seen in her life." As he sat down with silk, scissors, needle and thread, little did he guess that in a dungeon, Omar was also about to try and make a silken gown for his mother. Was Abu falling into a trap? You will find out next week.



THE PLAYFUL PRANKS OF **PINOCCHIO**



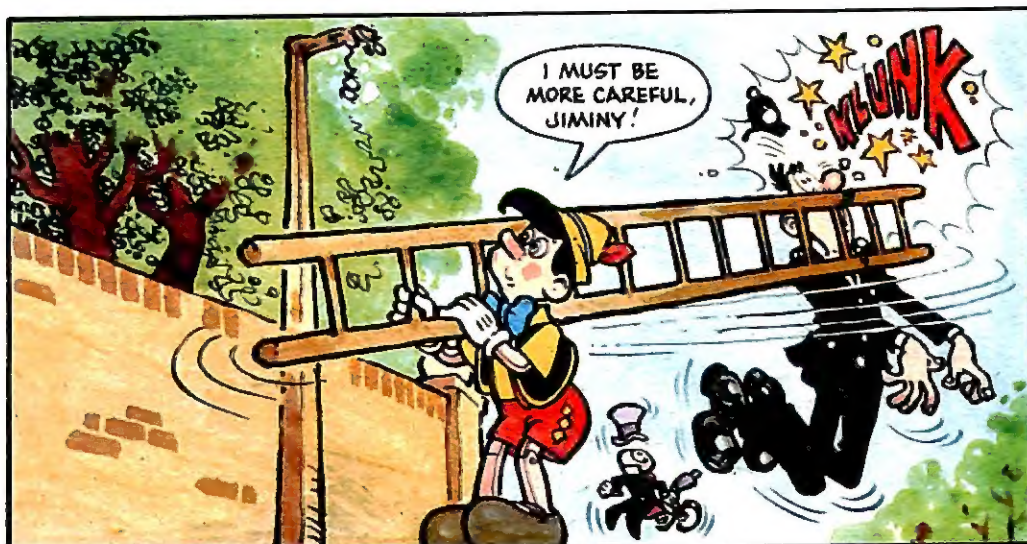
The other day Pinocchio's Dad
Did ask a favour of the lad,
"Wilt take this ladder back?" said he
"You've just got time before your tea."



"Take it back to Mr. Brown
Who lives the other side of town!"
So Pino set out, good as gold,
To take it back, as he'd been told.



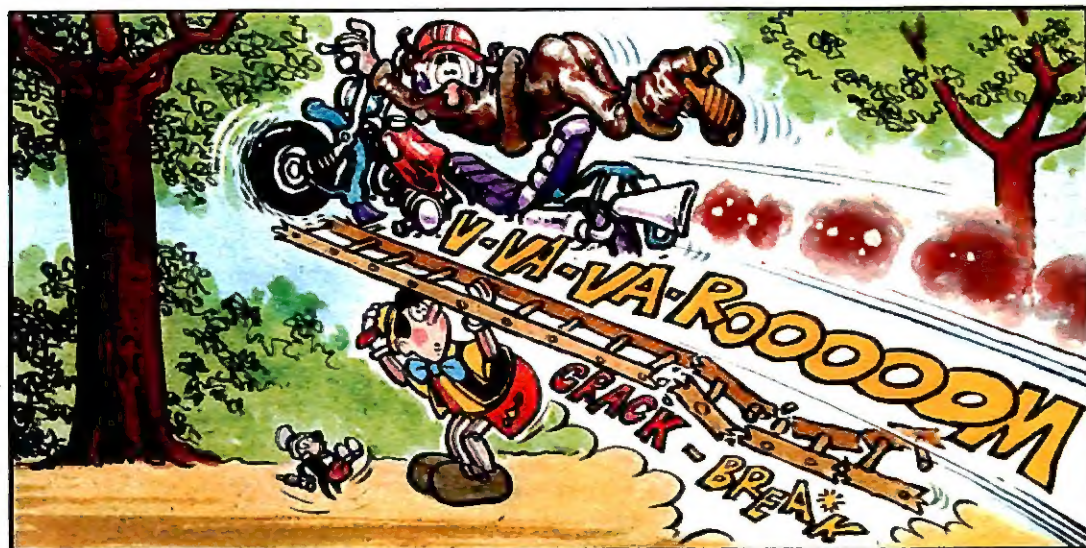
'Twas little pin that started trouble
To pick it up, boy bent down double.
"And now I'll have good luck today,"
Said Pino—but so sad to say—



The ladder broke the lamp-post—thump!
Pinocchio, like a silly chump
Swung round to see what he had done
And caught a cop a fourpenny one.



Cried lad "I'll have to take more care:
I didn't mean to do that there.
This ladder is so very long
If one end's right, the other's wrong!"



Between the rungs lad stuck his head,
"Now I can see both ends," he said.
But while behind his gaze was fixed
He and a motor-bike got mixed.



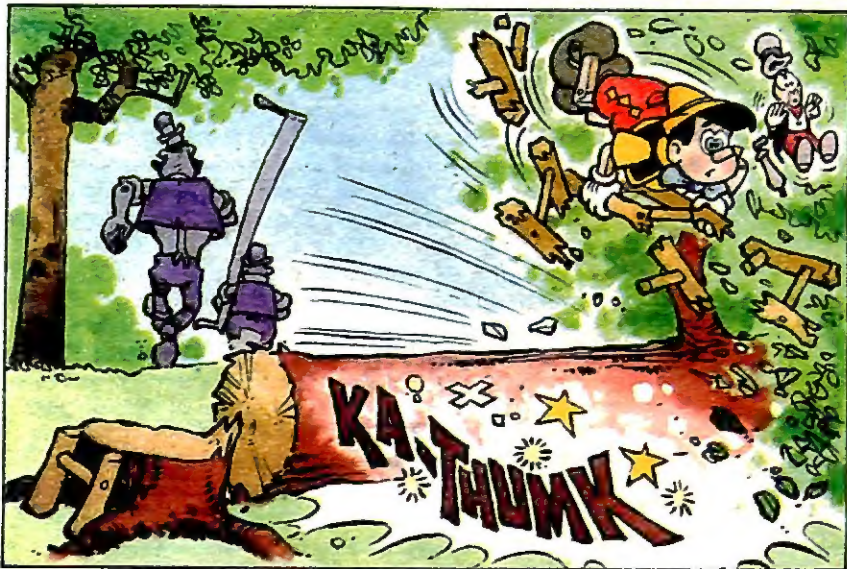
Well, motor-bike got stuck in tree,
And copper came along to see
What motor-bike was playing at
A-frisking up a tree like that.



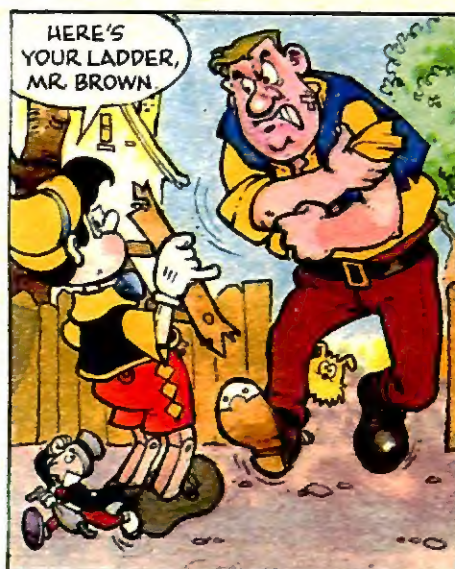
By now the lad away had trotted
And pretty soon an oak he spotted.
Cried lad "I've got some time to spare,
I'll see if there's a nest up there!"



Up ladder then Pinocchio popped,
But found that all the birds had hopped.
They had not waited to find that
All Pino wanted was a chat.



The trouble started, as you see,
When men came up and cut down tree
And Pino fell down with a crash,
While ladder suffered in the smash.

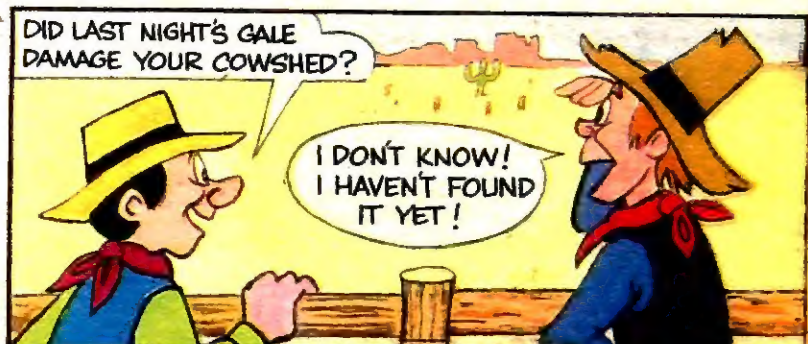
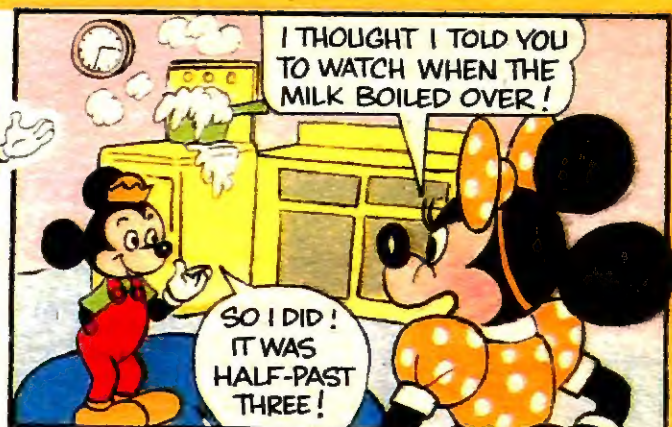
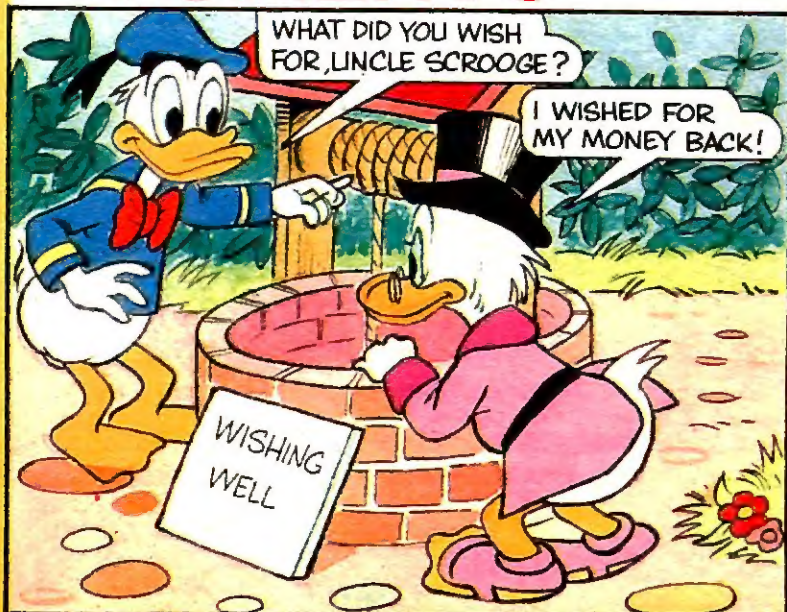


At last lad got across the town
And trotting up to Mr. Brown
Said: "Dad's returned your ladder, sir,
A little shorter than it were."



The time was just gone half-past four,
There came a knock on Dad's front door,
'Twas Pino, sad as sad could be,
But he felt better after tea.

MICKEY'S MERRY MOMENTS





WINNIE- the-Pooh

By A. A. MILNE

In which Piglet is entirely
surrounded by water

From the book "Winnie-the-Pooh" published by Methuen's
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It rained and it rained and it rained. Piglet told himself that never in all his life, and he was goodness knows *how* old—three, was it, or four?—never had he seen so much rain. Days and days and days.

"If only," he thought, as he looked out of the window, "I had been in Pooh's house, or Christopher Robin's house, or Rabbit's house when it began to rain, then I should have had Company all this time, instead of being here all alone, with nothing to do except wonder when it will stop." And he imagined himself with Pooh, saying, "Did you ever see such rain, Pooh?" and Pooh saying, "Isn't it *awful*, Piglet?" and Piglet saying, "I wonder how it is over Christopher Robin's way," and Pooh saying, "I should think poor old Rabbit is about flooded out by this time." It would have been jolly to talk like this, and really, it wasn't much good having anything exciting like floods, if you couldn't share them with somebody.

For it was rather exciting. The little dry ditches in which Piglet had nosed about so often had become streams, the little streams across which he had splashed were rivers, and the river, between whose steep banks they had played so happily, had sprawled out of its own bed and was taking up so much room everywhere, that Piglet was beginning to wonder whether it would be coming into *his* bed soon.

"It's a little *Anxious*," he said to himself, "to be a Very Small Animal Entirely Surrounded by Water. Christopher Robin and Pooh could escape by Climbing Trees, and Kanga could escape by Jumping, and Rabbit could escape by Burrowing, and Owl could escape by Flying, and Eeyore could escape by—by Making a Loud Noise Until Rescued, and here am I, surrounded by water and I can't do *anything*."

It went on raining, and every day the water got a little higher, until now it was nearly up to Piglet's window . . . and still he hadn't done anything.

"There's Pooh," he thought to himself. "Pooh hasn't much Brain, but he never comes to any harm. He does silly things and they turn out right. There's Owl. Owl hasn't exactly got Brain, but he Knows Things. He would know the Right Thing to Do when Surrounded by Water. There's Rabbit. He hasn't Learnt in Books, but he can always Think of a Clever Plan. There's Kanga. She isn't Clever, Kanga isn't, but she would be so anxious about Roo that she would do a Good Thing to Do without thinking about it. And then there's Eeyore. And Eeyore is so miserable anyhow that he wouldn't mind about this. But I wonder what Christopher Robin would do?"

Then suddenly he remembered a story which Christopher Robin had told him about a man on a desert island who had written something in a bottle and thrown it in the sea; and Piglet thought that if he wrote something in a bottle and threw it in the water, perhaps somebody would come and rescue *him*!

He left the window and began to search his house, all of it that wasn't under water, and at last he found a pencil and a small piece of dry paper, and a bottle with a cork to it. And he wrote on one side of the paper:

HELP!
PIGLIT (ME)

and on the other side:

IT'S ME PIGLIT, HELP HELP!

Then he put the paper in the bottle, and he corked the bottle up as tightly as he could, and he leant out of his window as far as he could lean without falling in, and he threw the bottle as far as he could throw—*splash!*—and in a little while it bobbed up again on the water; and he watched it floating slowly away in the distance, until his eyes ached with looking, and sometimes he thought



it was the bottle, and sometimes he thought it was just a ripple on the water which he was following, and then suddenly he knew that he would never see it again and that he had done all that he could do to save himself.

"So now," he thought, "somebody else will have to do something, and I hope they will do it soon, because if they don't I shall have to swim, which I can't, so I hope they do it soon." And then he gave a very long sigh and said, "I wish Pooh were here. It's so much more friendly with two."

* * * * *



When the rain began Pooh was asleep. It rained, and it rained, and it rained, and he slept and he slept and he slept. He had had a tiring day. You remember how he discovered the North Pole; well, he was so proud of this that he asked Christopher Robin if there were any other Poles such as a Bear of Little Brain might discover.

"There's a South Pole," said Christopher Robin, "and I expect there's an East Pole and a West Pole, though people don't like talking about them."

Pooh was very excited when he heard this, and suggested that they should have an Expedition to discover the East Pole, but Christopher Robin had thought of something else to do with Kanga; so Pooh went out to discover the East Pole by himself. Whether he discovered it or not, I forget; but he was so tired when he got home that, in the very middle of his supper, after he had been eating for little more than half-an-hour, he fell fast asleep in his chair, and slept and slept and slept.

Then suddenly he was dreaming. He was at the East Pole, and it was a very cold pole with the coldest sort of snow and ice all over it. He had found a bee-hive to sleep in, but there wasn't room for his legs, so he had left them outside. And Wild Woozles, such as inhabit the East Pole, came and nibbled all the fur off his legs to make Nests for their Young. And the more they nibbled, the colder his legs got, until suddenly he woke up with an *Ow!*—and there he was, sitting in his chair with his feet in the water, and water all round him!

He splashed to his door and looked out. . . .

"This is Serious," said Pooh. "I must have an Escape."

So he took his largest pot of honey and escaped with it to a broad branch of his tree, well above the water, and then he climbed down again and escaped with another pot . . . and when the whole Escape was finished, there was Pooh sitting on his branch, dangling his legs, and there, beside him, were ten pots of honey . . .

Two days later, there was Pooh, sitting on his branch, dangling his legs, and there, beside him, were four pots of honey. . . .

Three days later, there was Pooh, sitting on his branch, dangling his legs, and there beside him, was one pot of honey.

Four days later, there was Pooh. . . .

And it was on the morning of the fourth day that Piglet's bottle came floating past him, and with one loud cry of "Honey!" Pooh plunged into the water, seized the bottle, and struggled back

to his tree again.

"Bother!" said Pooh, as he opened it. "All that wet for nothing. What's that bit of paper doing?"

He took it out and looked at it.

"It's a Message," he said to himself, "that's what it is. And that letter is a 'P', and so is that, and so is that, and 'P' means 'Pooh', so it's a very important Message to me, and I can't read it. I must find Christopher Robin or Owl or Piglet, one of those Clever Readers who can read things, and they will tell me what this message means. Only I can't swim. Bother!"

Then he had an idea, and I think that for a Bear of Very Little Brain, it was a good idea. He said to himself:

"If a bottle can float, then a jar can float, and if a jar floats, I can sit on the top of it, if it's a very big jar."

So he took his biggest jar, and corked it up.

"All boats have to have a name," he said, "so



I shall call mine *The Floating Bear*." And with these words he dropped his boat into the water and jumped in after it.

For a little while Pooh and *The Floating Bear* were uncertain as to which of them was meant to be on the top, but after trying one or two different positions, they settled down with *The Floating Bear* underneath and Pooh triumphantly astride it, paddling vigorously with his feet.

* * *

Christopher Robin lived at the very top of the Forest. It rained, and it rained, and it rained, but the water couldn't come up to his house. It was rather jolly to look down into the valleys and see the water all round him, but it rained so hard that he stayed indoors most of the time, and thought about things. Every morning he went out with his umbrella and put a stick in the place where the water came up to, and every next morning he went out and couldn't see his stick any more, so he put another stick in the place where the water came up to, and then he walked home again, and each morning he had a shorter way to walk than he had had the morning before. On the morning of the fifth day he saw the water all round him, and knew that for the first time in his life he was on a real island. Which was very exciting.

It was on this morning that Owl came flying over the water to say "How do you do?" to his friend Christopher Robin.

"I say, Owl," said Christopher Robin, "isn't this fun? I'm on an island!"

"The atmospheric conditions have been very unfavourable lately," said Owl.

"The what?"

"It has been raining," explained Owl.

"Yes," said Christopher Robin. "It has."

"The flood-level has reached an unprecedented height."

"The who?"

"There's a lot of water about," explained Owl.

"Yes," said Christopher Robin, "there is."

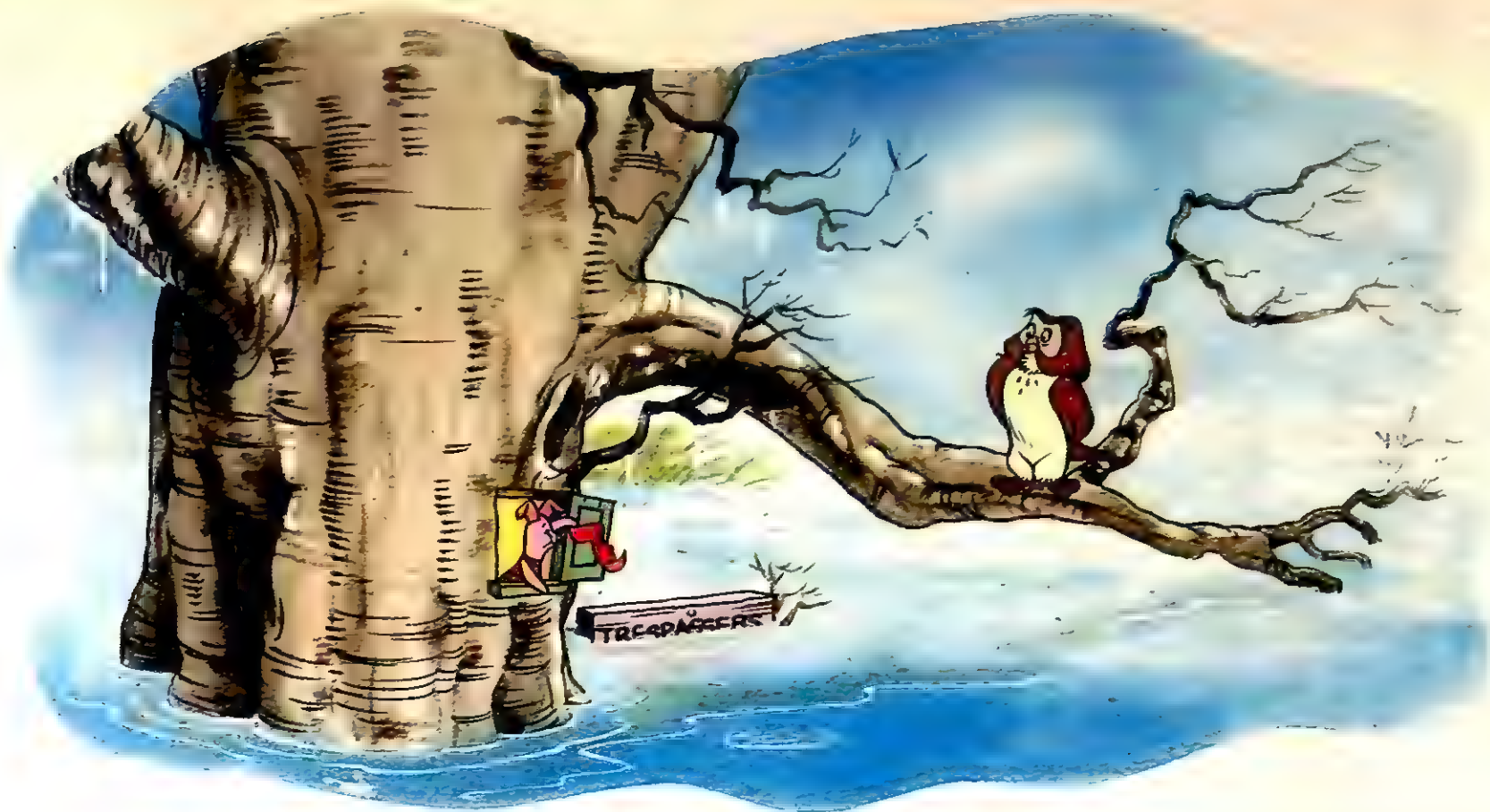
"However, the prospects are rapidly becoming more favourable. At any moment——"

"Have you seen Pooh?"

"No. At any moment——"

"I hope he's all right," said Christopher Robin.





"I've been wondering about him. I expect Piglet's with him. Do you think they're all right, Owl?"

"I expect so. You see, at any moment——"

"Do go and see, Owl. Because Pooh hasn't got very much brain, and he might do something silly, and I do love him so, Owl. Do you see, Owl?"

"That's all right," said Owl. "I'll go. Back directly." And he flew off.

In a little while he was back again.

"Pooh isn't there," he said.

"Not there?"

"He's been there. He's been sitting on a branch of his tree outside his house with nine pots of honey. But he isn't there now."

"Oh, Pooh!" cried Christopher Robin. "Where are you?"

"Here I am," said a growly voice behind him.

"Pooh!"

They rushed into each other's arms.

"How did you get here, Pooh?" asked Christopher Robin, when he was ready to talk again.

"On my boat," said Pooh proudly. "I had a Very Important Message sent me in a bottle, and owing to having got some water in my eyes, I couldn't read it, so I brought it to you. On my boat."

With these proud words he gave Christopher Robin the message.

"But it's from Piglet!" cried Christopher Robin when he had read it.

"Isn't there anything about Pooh in it?" asked Bear, looking over his shoulder.

Christopher Robin read the message aloud.

"Oh, are those 'P's' piglets? I thought they were poohs."

"We must rescue him at once! I thought he was with you, Pooh. Owl, could you rescue him on your back?"

"I don't think so," said Owl, after grave thought. "It is doubtful if the necessary dorsal muscles——"

"Then would you fly to him at once and say that Rescue is Coming? And Pooh and I will think of a Rescue and come as quick as ever we can. Oh, don't talk, Owl, go on quick!" And, still thinking of something to say, Owl flew off.

"Now then, Pooh," said Christopher Robin, "where's your boat?"

"I ought to say," explained Pooh as they walked down to the shore of the island, "that it isn't

just an ordinary sort of boat. Sometimes it's a Boat, and sometimes it's more of an Accident. It all depends."

"Depends on what?"

"On whether I'm on the top of it or underneath it."

"Oh! Well, where is it?"

"There!" said Pooh, pointing proudly to *The Floating Bear*.

It wasn't what Christopher Robin expected, and the more he looked at it, the more he thought what a Brave and Clever Bear Pooh was, and the more Christopher Robin thought this, the more Pooh looked modestly down his nose and tried to pretend he wasn't.

"But it's too small for two of us," said Christopher Robin sadly.

"Three of us with Piglet."

"That makes it smaller still. Oh, Pooh Bear, what shall we do?"

And then this Bear, Pooh Bear, Winnie-the-Pooh, F.O.P. (Friend of Piglet's), R.C. (Rabbit's Companion), P.D. (Pole Discoverer), E.C. and T.F. (Eeyore's Comforter and Tail-finder)—in fact, Pooh himself—said something so clever that Christopher Robin could only look at him with mouth open and eyes staring, wondering if this was really the Bear of Very Little Brain whom he had known and loved so long.

"We might go in your umbrella," said Pooh.

"?"

"We might go in your umbrella," said Pooh.

"?"

"We might go in your umbrella," said Pooh.

"!!!!!!"

For suddenly Christopher Robin saw that they might. He opened his umbrella and put it point downwards in the water. It floated but wobbled. Pooh got in. He was just beginning to say that it was all right now, when he found that it wasn't, so after a short drink, which he didn't really want, he waded back to Christopher Robin. Then they both got in together, and it wobbled no longer.

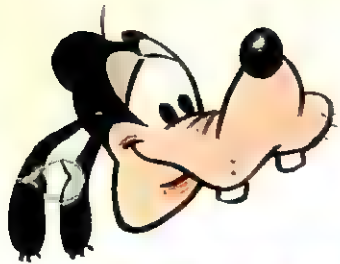
"I shall call this boat *The Brain of Pooh*," said Christopher Robin, and *The Brain of Pooh* set sail forthwith in a south-westerly direction, revolving gracefully.

You can imagine Piglet's joy when at last the

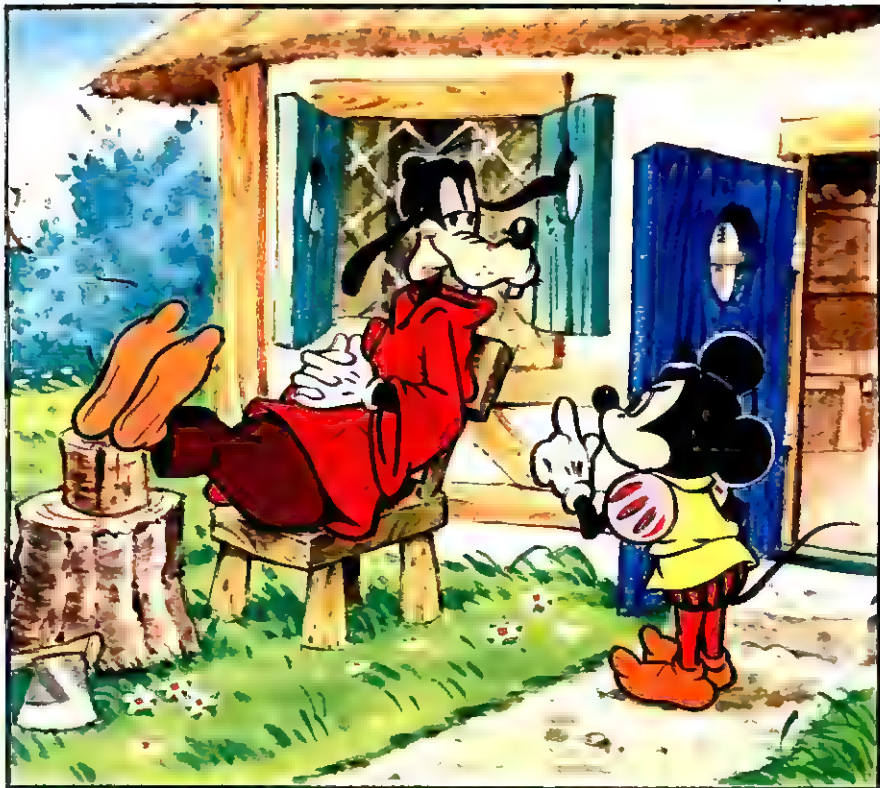
ship came in sight of him. In after-years he liked to think that he had been in Very Great Danger during the Terrible Flood, but the only danger he had really been in was in the last half-hour of his imprisonment, when Owl, who had just flown up, sat on a branch of his tree to comfort him, and told him a very long story about an aunt who had once laid a seagull's egg by mistake, and the story went on and on, rather like this sentence, until Piglet who was listening out of his window without much hope, went to sleep quietly and naturally, slipping slowly out of the window towards the water until he was only hanging on by his toes, at which moment, luckily, a sudden loud squawk from Owl, which was really part of the story, being what his aunt said, woke the Piglet up and just gave him time to jerk himself back into safety and say, "How interesting, and did she?" when—well, you can imagine his joy when at last he saw the good ship, *Brain of Pooh*, (Captain, C. Robin; 1st Mate, P. Bear) coming over the sea to rescue him. . . .

And as that is really the end of the story, and I am very tired after that last sentence, I think I shall stop there.





Lazy Goofy



1. Once upon a time there were two friends who lived together. They were both very poor but whereas one of them, by name Mickey, worked hard as a kitchen servant in the palace of the King, the other—and his name was Goofy—was so lazy he would do nothing but sit and bask in the sun all day.

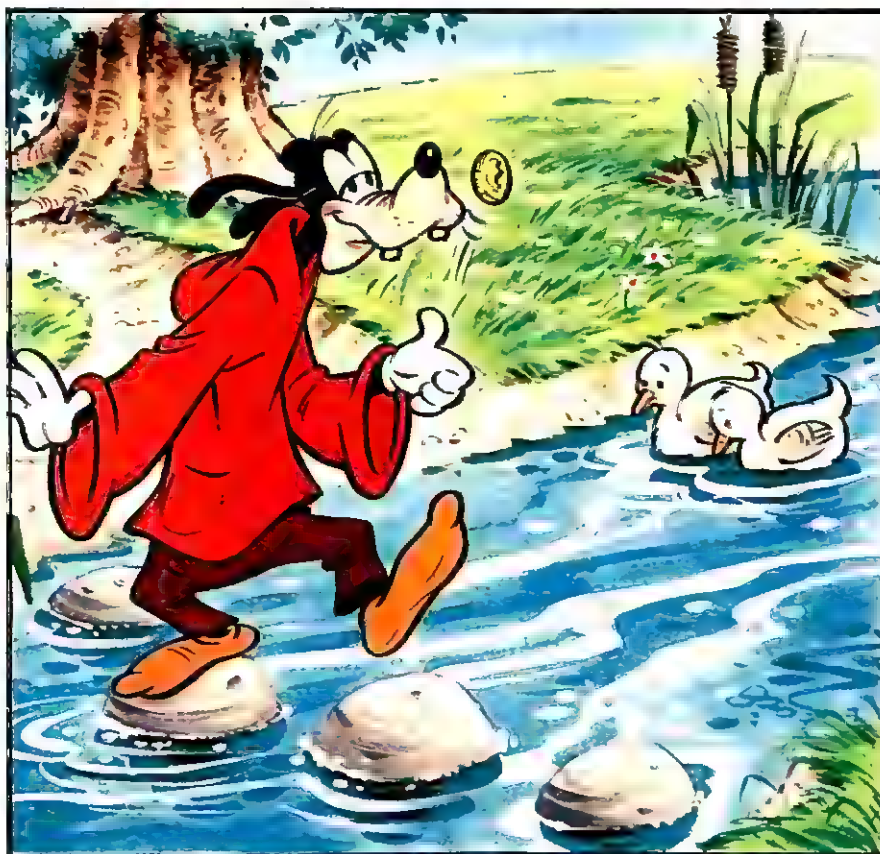
Although they were the best of friends, there came the day when Mickey had to tell Goofy that he could keep him in idleness no longer and that Goofy would have to begin to work for his porridge. Goofy blinked and said: "I'll look for work tomorrow, Mickey, old friend."



2. "I've heard that tale before," growled Mickey who to tell the truth was beginning to lose patience with his lazy friend. "Be off with you at once and find yourself a job right away."

Yawning with tiredness, his eyes drooping with sleep, Goofy tried to pull himself together and set off down the road, towards a nearby farm. There he was given a job forking hay.

All day he worked and when he had forked all the hay that was there to be forked, the farmer gave him a penny. "Thank you very much, Goofy," he said.



3. But as Goofy was coming home he had to cross a little stream. He was spinning the penny in the air as he stepped across the stepping stones. In the middle of the stream he failed to catch the penny and it fell into the water. He searched for more than an hour and then as it was now dark, he went home without it. "You silly fellow!" said Mickey. "You should have put the penny in your pocket." And Goofy smiled sleepily. "I'll remember that next time," said he.



4. The next day Goofy set out and did another day's hard work for the farmer. This time when Goofy had finished working the farmer gave him a bottle of milk. Goofy put the bottle of milk into the large pocket of his jacket. But long before he got home he had spilled all the milk out of the bottle.

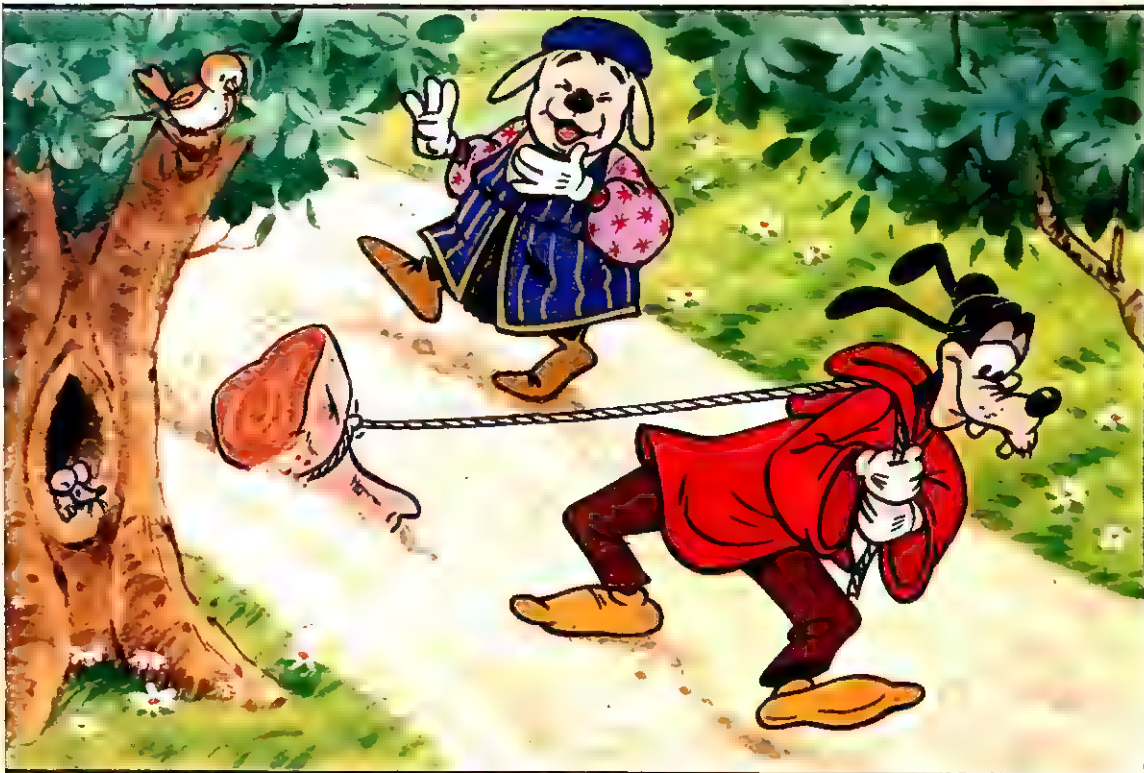
You can imagine how cross Mickey was when Goofy took an empty bottle out of his pocket and gave it to him.

5. "Will you *never* learn?" demanded Mickey. "You should have carried it on your head!" "I'll remember that next time," said Goofy. The following day Goofy put in another hard day's work at the farm and the farmer gave him a cream cheese. Remembering what Mickey had told him, Goofy put the cream cheese on his head and set off for home. It was a very hot day and by the time Goofy had walked up the garden path, the cheese was melting and running down his face. "How silly can you get!" snorted Mickey. "You should have carried it very carefully in your hands." "I'll remember that next time," said Goofy.



6. Well, once again next morning, Goofy set off back to the farm and more pleased than ever with the way Goofy worked the farmer gave him a splendid pig. "Mickey said I was to carry it in my hands," puffed Goofy as he picked up the pig and staggered along with it. "I must take care not to upset Mickey today."

But as *you* would have known, the pig took a dislike to being carried along and fought and struggled and squealed and wriggled until at last, thoroughly exhausted with trying to keep the pig in his arms, Goofy was forced to put it down—whereupon the pig took to its heels and bolted out of sight.



7. "What *am* I going to do with you?" shouted Mickey when Goofy told him what had happened. "You should have tied a length of rope to the pig and pulled it along after you." And Goofy replied, "I'll remember that next time." Goofy spent the next day helping the local butcher and when it was time to go home the butcher gave Goofy a leg of mutton. "I must do what Mickey told me to do," said Goofy, so he tied a length of rope to the leg of mutton and pulled it along behind him. Along the muddy road went Goofy and by the time he reached home the leg of mutton was quite uneatable.



8. "You ninny-hammer!" shouted Mickey. "You should have carried it on your shoulder!" And Goofy sighed: "I'll remember that next time."

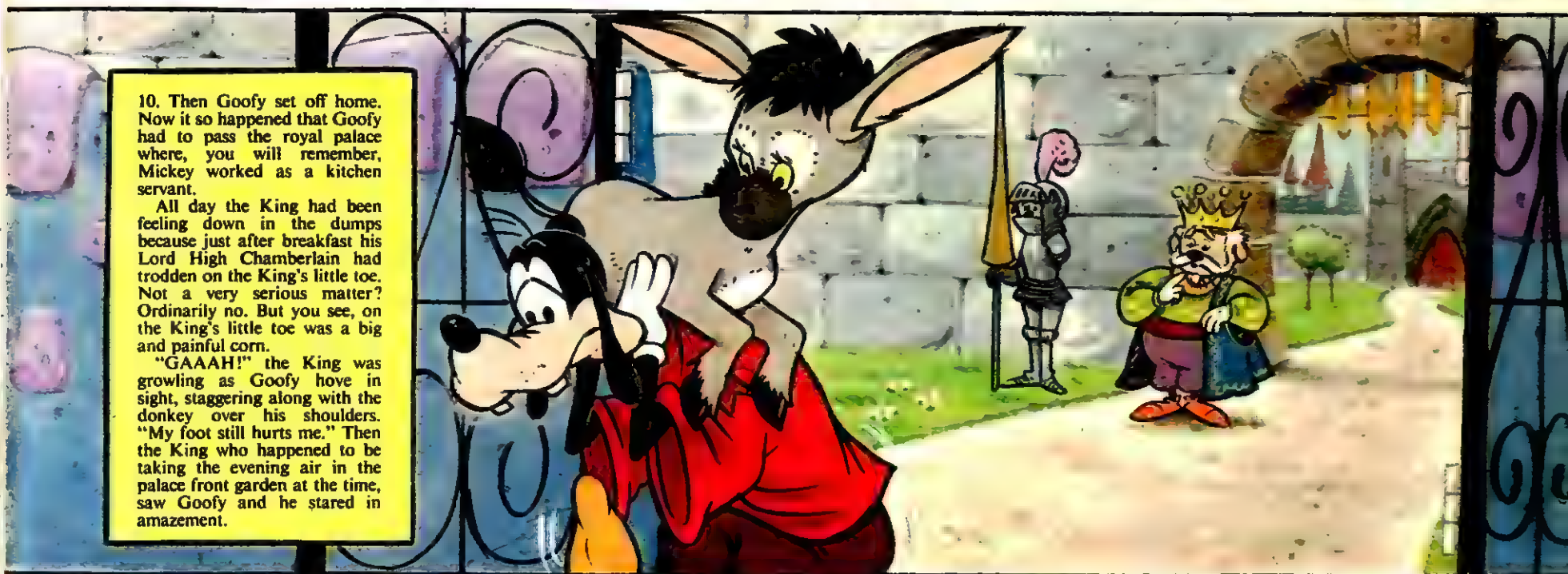
Mickey was extra cross because the next day was Sunday. "Just fancy," he grumbled. "We could have had roast mutton for dinner. All we've got in the larder is a dried-up cabbage."

Poor Goofy! He was upset! Especially when he and Mickey sat down to some very watery tasteless cabbage for dinner the next day.

"I'll try very hard to do better next week, Mickey," Goofy muttered. "I really will." But Mickey wouldn't speak to him. "It isn't that I don't try to do my best, Mickey, because I do," went on Goofy. "Please say you forgive me." But Mickey still would not answer him.



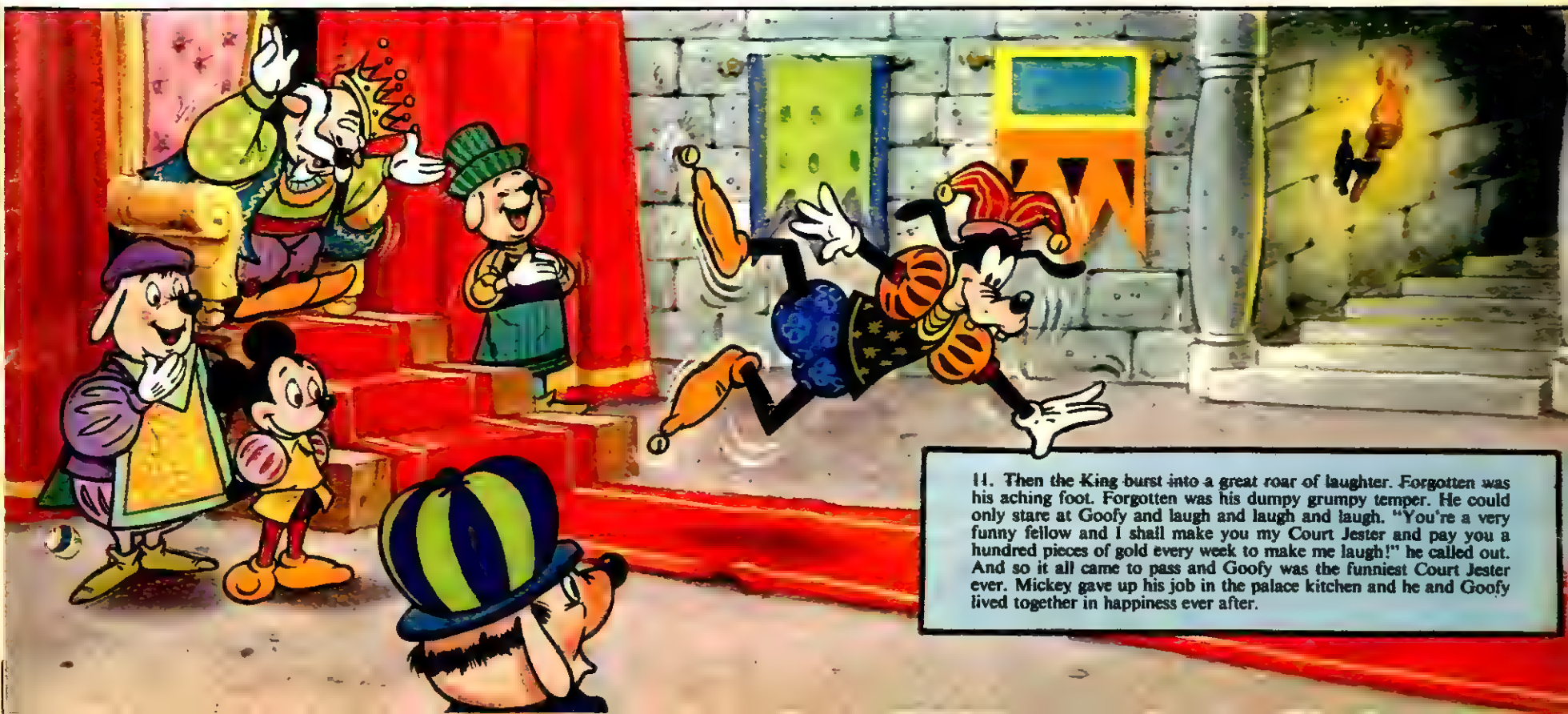
9. On Monday morning, sure enough, Goofy went out determined to do better. He found himself a job as a gardener, working for a very rich man. All day long he worked hard, trimming hedges, mowing lawns, planting flowers and felling dead trees. The rich man, delighted with Goofy's performance, presented him with a donkey. To his astonishment, Goofy hoisted the donkey on to his shoulders. It wasn't easy but somehow or other Goofy managed it.



10. Then Goofy set off home. Now it so happened that Goofy had to pass the royal palace where, you will remember, Mickey worked as a kitchen servant.

All day the King had been feeling down in the dumps because just after breakfast his Lord High Chamberlain had trodden on the King's little toe. Not a very serious matter? Ordinarily no. But you see, on the King's little toe was a big and painful corn.

"GAAAH!" the King was growling as Goofy hove in sight, staggering along with the donkey over his shoulders. "My foot still hurts me." Then the King who happened to be taking the evening air in the palace front garden at the time, saw Goofy and he stared in amazement.



11. Then the King burst into a great roar of laughter. Forgotten was his aching foot. Forgotten was his dumpy grumpy temper. He could only stare at Goofy and laugh and laugh and laugh. "You're a very funny fellow and I shall make you my Court Jester and pay you a hundred pieces of gold every week to make me laugh!" he called out. And so it all came to pass and Goofy was the funniest Court Jester ever. Mickey gave up his job in the palace kitchen and he and Goofy lived together in happiness ever after.

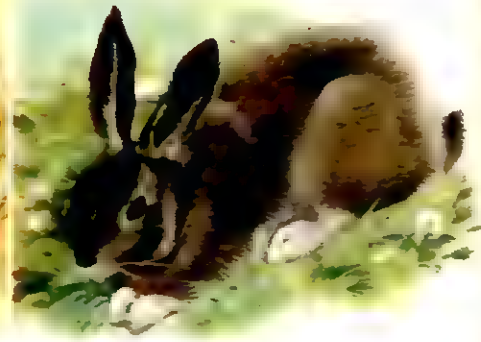
ANIMALS OF OUR WONDERFUL WORLD

THIS
WEEK:

THE ARABIAN CAMEL



1. Here with its master is the Arabian camel, tall and proud. Like the elephant the camel is a favourite with all children at the zoo and for the same reason—a ride on its back! In fact, its name comes from the Arab word "Gamel" meaning "to carry".



2. Believe it or not, the first camel—born millions of years ago—was no bigger than a rabbit.



3. In those far-off days, the camel lived in North America. After many many years its ancestors drifted southwards to South America where it became the llama.



4. Other early camels went north across the Bering Strait and became the two-humped camel of Asia.



5. As you can see, the Arabian camel looks quite different from its cousins. Nature changed it in many ways so that it could survive in its desert home.



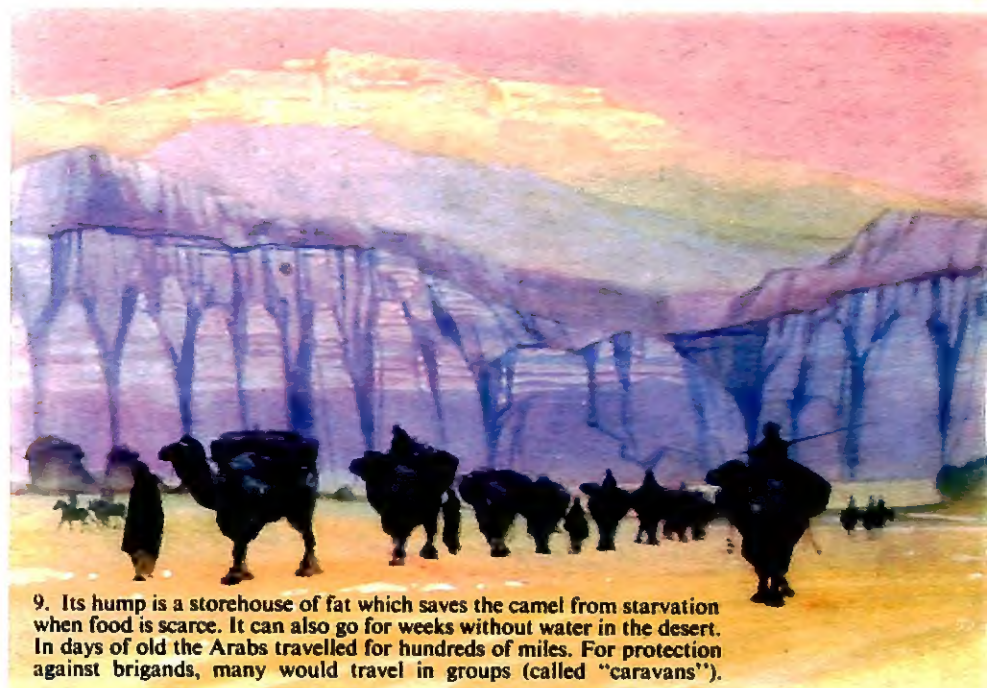
6. For instance, it has big padded feet, rather like snow-shoes, so that it can walk on soft desert sands.



7. Sometimes great sandstorms blow in the desert. But the camel is well protected against the flying sand. It has extra-thin eyelids so that it can see even with its eyes closed and a nose which can close tightly to keep out the stinging sand.

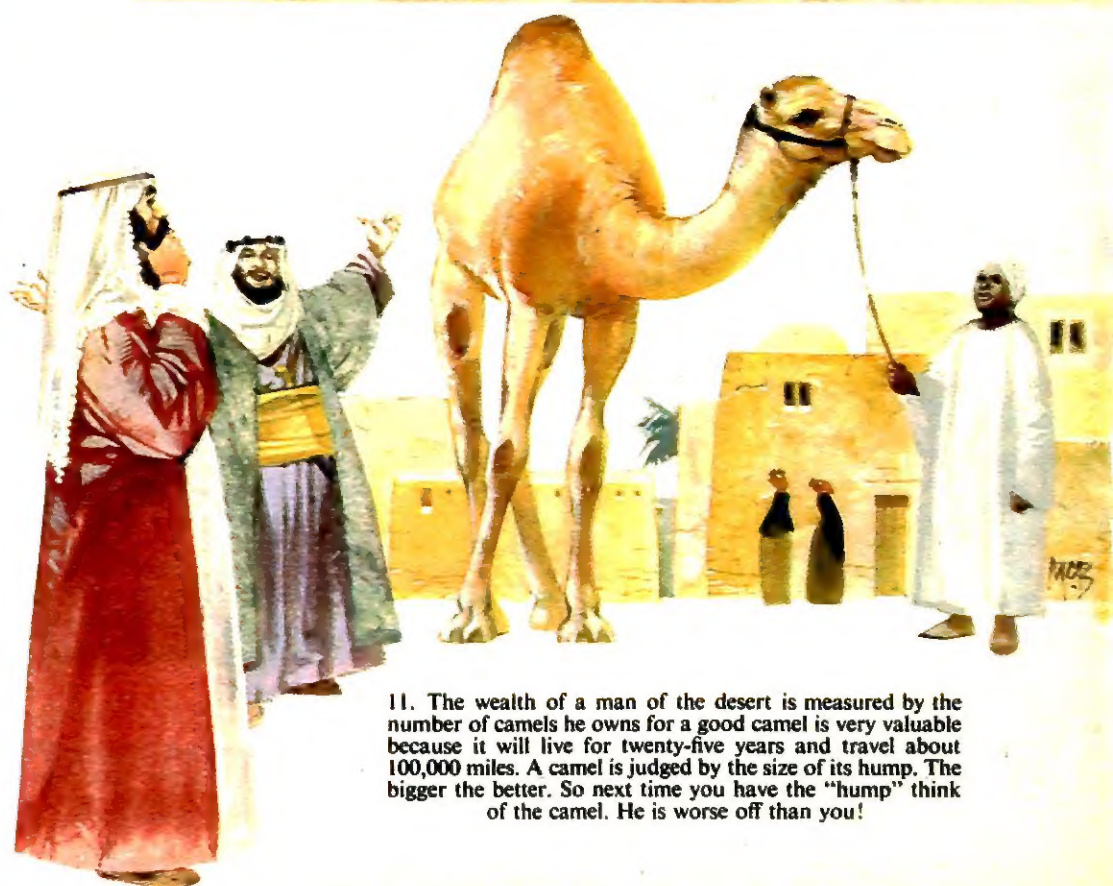
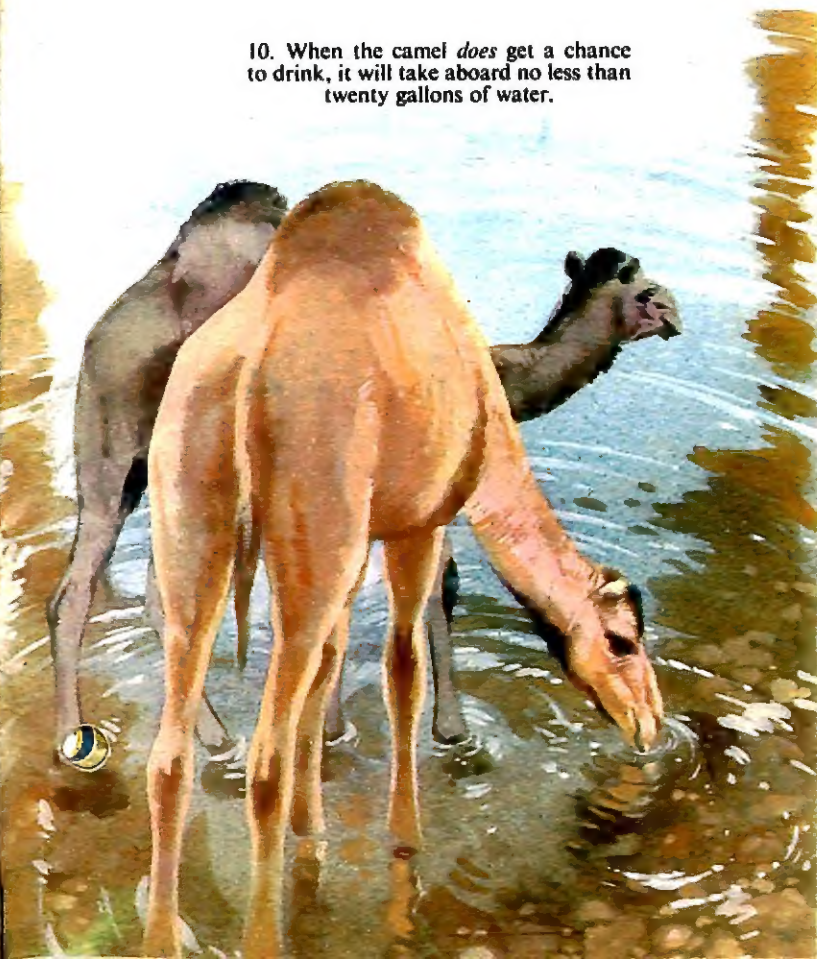


8. In the barren desertlands where the camel lives, there is very little vegetation it can eat. It has learned, however, to survive on almost nothing.



9. Its hump is a storehouse of fat which saves the camel from starvation when food is scarce. It can also go for weeks without water in the desert. In days of old the Arabs travelled for hundreds of miles. For protection against brigands, many would travel in groups (called "caravans").

10. When the camel *does* get a chance to drink, it will take aboard no less than twenty gallons of water.



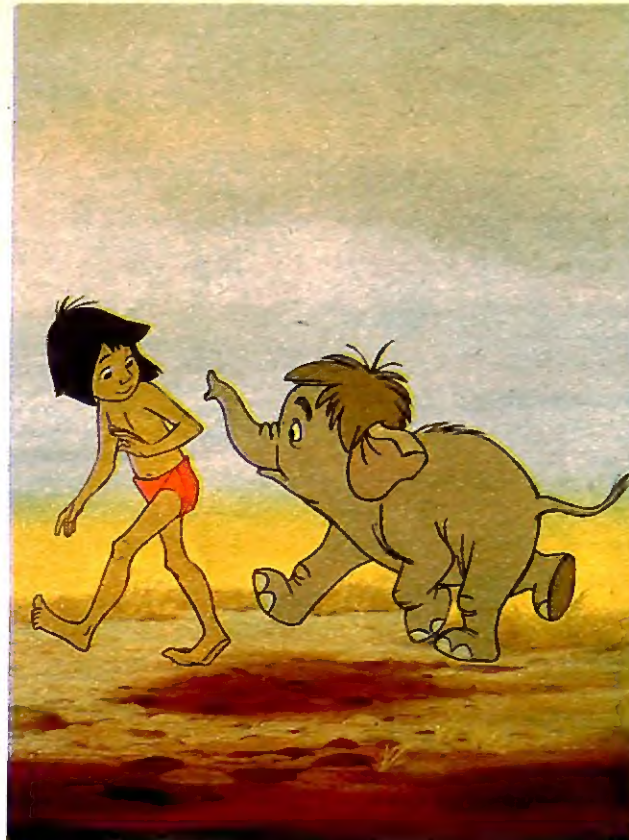
11. The wealth of a man of the desert is measured by the number of camels he owns for a good camel is very valuable because it will live for twenty-five years and travel about 100,000 miles. A camel is judged by the size of its hump. The bigger the better. So next time you have the "hump" think of the camel. He is worse off than you!

"Who will play with me today?"

wonders Mowgli, the little Jungle boy



Full of mischief, full of joy,
Here comes Mowgli, happy boy,
Sliding down a wiggly tree,
Out for fun as you can see.



"Baby, come and play with me,"
Mowgli says. "Oh, please agree!"
Baby shakes his head. "Oh, no!
For to school I now must go!"



"Hi, there, Sari, come and play,"
Mowgli begs. "We'll dance all day!"
Sari smiles but shakes her head,
"All today I must make bread."



"Hey, King Louie, you're the one,"
Mowgli says, "for lots of fun!"
Louie laughs "No time for play—
Eating 'nanas fills my day!"



"Ah, Baloo, my dear old friend,
Come along—our way we'll wend
To the fun we both enjoy!"
But Baloo sighs "Little boy——"



"All day long the shone has sun,
I'm too tot and hired for fun."
Mowgli grins. "Dear me, Baloo,
Mixed-up words like those won't do."



"All day long has shone the sun,
You're too hot and tired for fun,
That is what you meant to say,"
Mowgli said. "But *please* come play!"



"Very well," says big Baloo.
"First though, Mowgli, please will you
Eat with me and be my guest?
These bananas are the best!"



Now Baloo is feeling cool,
Floating in a jungle pool,
But Bagheera, up a tree,
Calls to Mowgli "Come to me!"



"Now," Bagheera warned, "you know
It is dangerous to go
Near that jungle pool so cool.
There the crocodillies rule!"



Mowgli laughs and runs away
With a monkey friend to play,
But Bagheera shouts "Enough!
Go straight home or I'll get rough!"



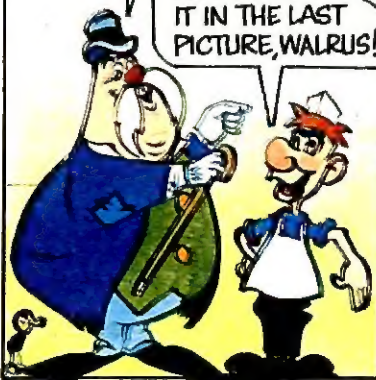
Now it's near the close of day,
And the end of fun and play,
Mowgli on some leaves sleeps tight,
While Baloo keeps guard all night.

If you want a funny treat, our silly Walrus you must meet!

The **WALRUS** and the **CARPENTER**

THAT GENTLEMAN BY THE POND SEEMS TO HAVE A PROBLEM. PERHAPS I CAN HELP HIM!

TELL ME ABOUT IT IN THE LAST PICTURE, WALRUS!



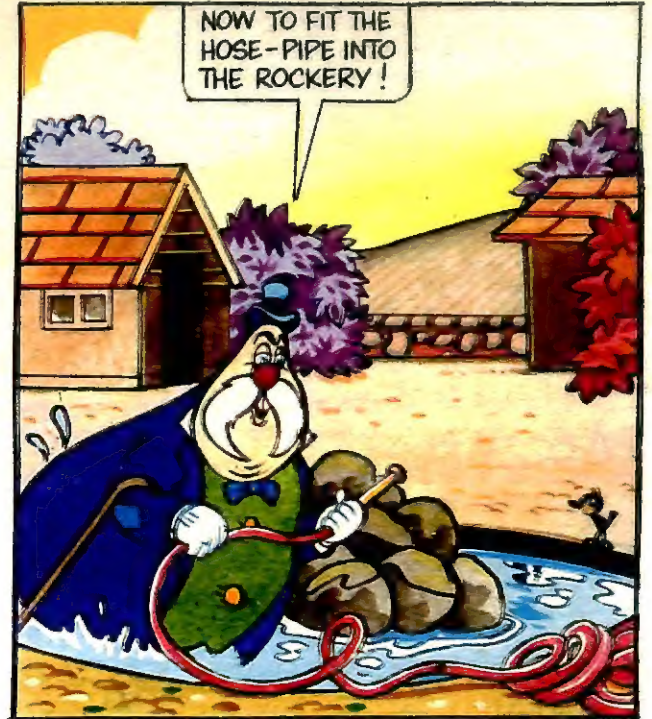
I WISH I HAD A FOUNTAIN IN MY ROCKERY.

COME IN AND HAVE A COFFEE, HENRY.

HELPFUL IDEA!



NOW TO FIT THE HOSE-PIPE INTO THE ROCKERY!



THE GENT WILL SOON HAVE HIS FOUNTAIN!



NOW HOW CAN I FIX A FOUNTAIN? LET ME THINK!



WATER ON! NOW FOR CRIES OF SURPRISE AND DELIGHT!



ER-DO YOU-ER-LIKE -THE-ER-FOUNTAIN, SIR?



NO! I DO NOT LIKE IT AT ALL, MR. WALRUS!

